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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Special Notices.—A Souvenir of Dr. McAll.—The Floating Church.—Gleanings from the French Report.—A Little Child Shall Lead Them.—A New Hall: Roubaix.—French Books for American Readers.—Miss Beach's Letter.—The *Bon Magasin*.—Some Paris Interiors.

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VOLUME XVII

FEBRUARY, 1899

NUMBER 1

Please examine the wrapper of your magazine: if you find this mark **X** upon it your subscription for next year is now due.

Our readers are reminded that there is no *January* RECORD. The first number of the year is the February number. Three years ago the little magazine was changed from a quarterly to a bi-monthly. Though still issued only four times a year, the dates of its issue were all included in the working year, the midsummer number being of little value, since the Auxiliaries have no summer meetings. The RECORD, therefore, appears every two months during the working year, on the first of October, December, February and April. Subscriptions run from February, which is the first number of the calendar year, or from October when the working year begins. Therefore, be not anxious if having subscribed for the calendar year, you receive no *January* number. The February number is Number One.

By an oversight the sub-title of Mrs. Tyng's article on the Fête at Nantes, in the December RECORD, gave this Fête as the Tercentenary of the *Revocation* of the Edict of Nantes. It was the Tercentenary of the Edict itself, which was issued in 1598. The *Revocation* came nearly a century later, in 1685.

We have to record the death of a good friend in Paris, Pastor Auguste Mettetal, of the Lutheran Church. M. Mettetal was a constant speaker in our meetings, especially at the Salle Rivoli, where he was greatly beloved. Many joined the Church through his means, and he had deep sympathy with Dr. McAll in his work from the first.

It is pleasant to learn that orders for the French edition of Dr. McAll's biography are beginning to come in. There can be no better reading for those who wish to keep up their French, whether or not they are members of Auxiliaries. Apart from the immense importance and vivid interest of the subject, the exquisite French in which it is written makes it valuable to any French student. The book was prepared under the supervision of M. Réveillaud and in great part written by himself, and M. Réveillaud is a master of French style. We are happy to add this book to the list of French books suited

for American readers, which a valued friend, a French woman of thorough culture, has furnished for our readers, and which may be found on another page.

Owing to various delays, it was impossible for the Paris Committee to issue the Report for the year ending May, 1898, until nearly the close of the year, so that it has only lately reached the Auxiliaries. It will be found to contain a most interesting account of the work, which in every locality and in all its details appears to be in a very hopeful condition. The Report is issued in French and English. From motives of economy the English edition is much shorter than the French, reports from a number of the stations not being included in the former. Among them are several stations to which American Auxiliaries contribute more or less, and from which they will be glad to hear. Extracts from these reports have, therefore, been translated, and will be found in another part of this number.

Our readers will remember the act of sublime faith and self-sacrifice performed by the former pastor of our Grenoble Church, M. Elisée Escande. When the tidings came of the tragic death of his cousin, Benjamin Escande, murdered in Madagascar by the natives, he at once offered himself to the Missionary Society to supply his brother's place, although his wife was in so delicate a state of health that he was obliged to renounce all idea of her accompanying him. His self-sacrificing offer was accepted, and he went to Madagascar in the autumn of 1897 (the two martyr missionaries, MM. Escande and Minault having been killed in May), not knowing whether his wife would ever be able to join him. Happily, Mme Escande has regained health to such a degree that she was able to sail for Madagascar in the latter part of the past summer, the separation having lasted for nearly a year. During the Editor's visit to the south of France she met the parents of M. Benjamin Escande, in an interesting town far up among the mountains of the Cevennes—a place most sacred by its own martyr history—and had the pleasure of participating in a communion service in which the venerable father—a retired minister—took part. Such meetings bring home very vividly what it is to be the parent or the relative of a Christian martyr.

The station at La Villette, formerly one of the most flourishing in Paris, has of late years been running down, owing to various circumstances beyond the control of the Paris Committee. Of late a new Bible woman has been placed at this post, and already, as Dr. Benham writes, a marked improvement is seen both in the attendance and in the spirit of the attendants.

A SOUVENIR OF DR. McALL'S EARLY LIFE AND WORK.

The course of my travels last summer led me for a few days to Macclesfield, where Dr. McAll was born. Readers of his "Life" will remember that it includes a picture of the house in which he first saw the light. I am not sure that this house is still standing, though I saw many that precisely resemble it. But, if it had been, Mrs. McAll would probably have told me where to look for it, as she knew I was to visit Macclesfield.

I hardly needed the note of introduction which she gave me to visit the very famous building described in Dr. McAll's "Life," in which is still carried on the Sunday-school founded in 1796 by his maternal uncle, John Whitaker, almost if not quite the first in England. The present building was erected by Mr. Whitaker in 1812, when the number of scholars had reached 2149. It was then and still continues to be the largest Sunday-school in Great Britain. I forget how many thousand scholars there are now, and it still retains the non-denominational character which Mr. Whitaker gave it, and which he maintained at the cost of many conflicts with the Church of England on the one hand and the Methodists on the other. The "Life" gives a picture of the building taken from an old engraving, and not including the fine statue of John Whitaker, which was unveiled at the centennial celebration in 1896, and which stands in the large enclosure in front of the building.

Visiting this most interesting Sunday-school, I was greatly impressed with the love and reverence with which the memory not only of Mr. Whitaker, but of Dr. McAll is preserved there. There is a large room in which are preserved many portraits of the Whitaker and McAll families, and conspicuous among them is a large picture of Dr. McAll taken in the early years of the Mission. There is a fine portrait of his father, the Rev. Robert Stephens McAll, D. D. for many years pastor of the Townley-street Congregational Church. There are also the two charming little pastel portraits of John and Sarah Whitaker, of which copies are given in the "Life." Sarah Whitaker was Dr. McAll's mother, and this picture shows her a dainty little maiden of eleven, with roguish mouth and earnest eyes, a true prophecy of the character she was to transmit to her celebrated son. It was very delightful to hear the admiration and reverence with which the guardian of the building spoke of Dr. McAll, as well as of his father and uncle, and more than once in my brief sojourn in Macclesfield, though I met only members of the Church of England, I heard their names mentioned as public benefactors.

We drove out one day to Prestbury, a pretty suburb on the little river Bollin, a tributary of the Mersey. Here is the mother church of the Church in Macclesfield, a lovely old ivy-clad church, one of the few in England which still has a lych-gate, through which the dead were carried from the church to

their last home. Here, in 1815, the young Congregational minister, Robert Stephens McAll, was married to pretty Sarah Whitaker. I climbed to the top of the ivy-clad tower and looked abroad over the smiling hills and vales of Cheshire and imagined the simple wedding party coming up by the broad white road with its cool shade of overhanging elms and beeches, and thanked God for the noble heritage of consecrated self-sacrifice that these two young people transmitted to their devoted and distinguished son.

The next day I was taking dinner with Mrs. McAll in her pleasant home in Upper Norwood, London, where six years ago I saw Dr. McAll for the last time. Our talk was of the past, and mainly, of course, of the past of the work in France; but before we parted Mrs. McAll gave me a little white vellum covered book, "In Memoriam Robert Whitaker McAll," issued by the people of the Congregational churches of Sunderland and Leicester, of which Dr. McAll was respectively pastor from 1848 to 1855, and from 1855 to 1865. Last March (1898) a memorial window was unveiled in the Grange Congregational Church, Sunderland, of which Dr. McAll was the founder in 1851, having then been three years pastor of Bethel Chapel, out of which the new church had grown. The exercises on the occasion of this unveiling (which was done by Mrs. McAll) were peculiarly touching, owing to the vividness with which Dr. McAll's memory seemed to be cherished. A few words from the address of Mr. Broderick (who deems himself to be Dr. McAll's first convert) will show that all those qualities which so signally fitted him to be the founder of such a work as the *Mission Populaire* existed in him when he went, in 1848, "a young minister fresh from college" to his first pastorate. "We found him affable, gentle, considerate, and, above all, deeply concerned for our eternal welfare. In fact, he seemed a man in dead earnest to do everybody, whether old or young, all the good he possibly could."

Referring to the young minister's fondness for botanical or geological excursions, Mr. Broderick said that on such occasions "he neglected no opportunity of making known his Master's message. If he discovered a village which seemed to lack the means of grace he soon found means of getting the people together for a short religious service. One of the most striking features of these services was, perhaps, the singing led by himself and Mrs. McAll and supported sometimes by some of the young people of his congregation, who often accompanied him on these occasions." What a prophecy of the McAll work!

"Mr. McAll was a great discerner of character," says Mr. Broderick, again, "and had a wonderful gift of discovering a person's abilities. If a young fellow had the ability to speak, or sing, or write, or draw, or paint, he quickly found it out, and lost no time in pressing him into active service, and turning his gifts to good account."

ANOTHER PROPHECIC FACT!

Another speaker on this occasion, Mr. Thomas Steel, who called himself "one of Mr. McAll's 'Old Boys,'" said: "Sunderland witnessed first his splendid methods of organization, his keen knowledge of human nature, his kindness of heart and his unbounded enthusiasm in his work for the Master. Nor wonder that he should here attract around him so many young men! And where shall we say that his influence through them has not been felt? So far as we are concerned it has been spread far and wide. Amongst those fired with the zeal and enthusiasm he always created were William Lowndes, who went to America; Matthew Henry Airey, who went to New Zealand; the Frosts, who went to Africa, and many others. * * * To say he was good and noble would not tell half the tale. His was an influence for good which was almost irresistible. I have never met with greater enthusiasm in any other; it used to carry us away 'as if by storm,' whether it was in the Debating Society, the Bible classes, the Sunday-schools or the Mutual Instruction Society."

The same little volume gives an account of the unveiling in February, 1894, by Mrs. McAll, of a memorial tablet to Dr. McAll in the London Road Congregational Church, Leicester, of which Dr. McAll was the first pastor. Of this ceremony and the beautiful words of appreciation spoken at that time an account was given in a number of the RECORD of that year. But since we have seen, in that first pastorate in Sunderland, a prophecy of the McAll Mission in France, so in this memorial service in Leicester we find another premonition and promise of the French work. In her address on that occasion Mrs. McAll said:

"One more prophecy of Paris in the Leicester *Hymns*. Some of you will remember how your first minister loved hymns and how he prepared a little book for the use of the teachers and scholars at Bond Street Chapel. Our French hymn-book was begun and compiled also by him—it includes twenty-eight original hymns—and with the supplement will count from all sources four hundred and eighteen. The last entry in his diary of the 3d May* records the sending of proofs and corrections of this supplement. Singularly enough, he wrote *final* after it."

L. S. H.

Funds for the second Boat come in but slowly. We still need between \$1250 and \$1500 to complete it. Will not some friends like to give the fittings and furnishings of the hall and cabins? We shall want seats, an harmonium, a clock, linoleum, kitchen apparatus, etc., and the furniture for the cabins.

THE FLOATING CHURCH ON THE SEINE.

BY H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

[From the *Wide World Magazine.*]

“A Floating Church,” “A Peripatetic Religion,” “A Salvation Navy.” Such were the titles of articles published in the Parisian newspapers, when in May, 1890, the *Herald of Mercy*, of the Portsmouth Seamen’s Mission, began work near the Pont de la Concorde in the gay French capital.

Before the arrival of the English mission boat, missionary services had been held in Paris in more than twenty halls, situated in the principal Parisian thoroughfares; but as open-air meetings are forbidden, Dr. McAll, the founder of the Mission, thought that through this floating mission hall many souls might be reached who had never heard the Gospel before.

At the end of July, 1890, the *Herald of Mercy* left the banks of the Seine for the ocean harbors, where she still continues her good work. But her success had been so great, that the committee of the McAll Mission determined to build a floating church, specially fitted for the vast internal system of rivers and canals running throughout France. Thus the Gospel would be conveyed not only to the towns, but also to a multitude of remote places.

France has nearly one hundred navigable rivers, besides one of the most complete canal systems in the world. The Loire is navigable for 450 miles. Napoleon said that Paris, Rouen and Havre were all one town, and that the Seine was their High Street. Entering by the mouth of the Seine, you may thread your way to any other of the great French rivers you please, winding about through varying scenery from north to south and from west to east by lock, river, or canal, for months together, never seeing the sea or touching land. Now think of the difficulty and expense of doing extensive evangelistic work in a country where the Protestant churches are so few and scattered that there are many departments which possess one or two ministers only. How, then, can a suitable mission room be procured? True, there is the village hall, where you may be allowed to speak, but never to sing or pray. Then, again, there is the dancing room, adjoining the cabaret, but no respectable women will ever go there; and as to the men in such case, they would probably take a glass at the conclusion of the service, and so the good effect would be ruined. On the other hand, with the boat, “*On est chez soi*,” as the French say. Like an Englishman’s house, the boat is the missionary’s castle. He may use it as he pleases. In it he has hall, lodging, and means of transport all in one. All he has to do is to stop at a convenient place, throw the gangway over to the shore, and advertise a meeting, when he will be sure to get a good congregation.

“ We have permanent halls in the towns ; we must have a movable hall for the villages.” So thought the venerable founder of the Mission. Accordingly, an appeal was made, and the 25,000 francs necessary for the building of the floating church having been subscribed, M. Aug. Rey, a gifted young Parisian architect, set to work, and on April 6, 1892, the new boat-chapel was completed and the inaugural service held on board. She was moored by the Pont Royal, a few hundred yards from the place where the *Herald of Mercy* had lain two years before.

As can be seen from the cut on the cover, the mission boat is quite a little Noah’s Ark. Destined for inland waters where she may be towed or tugged, she needs no machinery and no sails. This circumstance greatly lessened the cost, while increasing the space available for mission purposes. In the centre is a hall with graceful curved ceiling and stained-glass windows. On the platform are placed a small desk and a harmonium. In the nave there are seats to hold no fewer than 160 people. At the bow is a cabin for the captain-evangelist and his family ; whilst at the stern are established a small kitchen and servant’s room. The chapel is heated by hot water from the kitchen stove. On the roof is a narrow platform or deck for navigating purposes. From this deck one obtains a pleasant view as the floating church glides along its silent pathway. The towing is done by horse, or steam tug—sometimes by the *toueur*, a queer kind of tug propelled by a wheel which drags on a chain sunk in the bed of the river. Generally, the boat is lashed to the last of a long train of barges—undignified, perhaps, but convenient. When the church has arrived at her next halting-place, the long rope is cast loose and the train of barges moves on, leaving the crew of the *Bon Messager* the task of taking her to a convenient place and making her fast. The expenses of these “ cruises ” are very slight—indeed, not to be compared with the cost of conveying a van or tent by road or rail.

Often the church is towed by men like the “ trackers ” of the Yonne and the Upper Loire. The life of these people, by the way, is very curious. The towing of their own boats is done by the men themselves—or, if they can afford it, by donkeys. The tracker is much to be pitied. He has no real home—no house but his boat, which he seldom leaves. But even the boat does not belong to him, and he can never hope to possess it. When a manufacturer or a carrier has a cargo to be taken, or an empty boat to be towed, say from St. Mammes to Roanne, he makes a contract with a tracker, who forthwith places on board his little wooden hut, his wife and children. He then harnesses his donkey (if he possesses one), takes the tow-rope over his shoulder, and off he starts. The family all take their turn at the towing, and the boat

itself goes forward slowly, and as best it may, for it has no rudder and nothing to guide it, such as the larger and better boats have.

On reaching his destination, the tracker shifts his hut, and the family encamp in the open air until they find another job.

The soul of the mission-work on board the floating church *Le Bon Messenger* is the captain-missionary, whose task, as may be imagined, is no small one. He is captain and crew all in one when the boat is on her voyage. He is preacher, choir-master, and organist at the mission services. He must be cautious, firm, and friendly, both with roughs and punctilious officials; and he must have a word in season both for bigots and atheists.

Since this extraordinary church began her winding course she has had two captains. The first was an Englishman and a sailor; the present missionary is a Frenchman. Very different in many respects, they have both been remarkably well suited to their difficult task.

Living on a canal boat may seem a very tame career to the seaman, but nevertheless, river navigation has its perils. A few years ago, in February, 1895, our floating church, the *Bon Messenger*, had a very narrow escape. She was then at Creil, on the Oise. I quote the words of M. Huet:

“Till yesterday evening the river had not been frozen over, although for some days numerous blocks of ice had been floating down. But so far there was no sign of danger, and the meetings were carried on as usual in the church. One morning I found the whole surface of the river covered with ice. I had to break it away all round the boat.”

And tidings were brought which caused much excitement among the crews of the barges moored along the banks. “The weir of the new lock at Pont St. Maxence has given way, and the ice is sweeping down on us!” Everyone hastily got out the ropes on board, and strengthened his moorings as much as possible. Many removed their furniture to the shore, and orders were given that no one should sleep on board any of the boats that night.

Some hundred yards above the *Bon Messenger* was moored a large floating wash-house, about fifty yards long. About half-past four a distant roar was heard, like a railway train entering a tunnel. For some time crowds had lined the banks and the bridge; and others had accompanied the great wave from Pont St. Maxence, for it traveled slowly. The wall of heaped-up blocks of ice bore down with immense force on to the wash-house, which was the first obstacle it encountered. Its hawsers at once snapped, and next moment the huge structure was being swept down towards the floating church.

Alarmed by the exclamations of the crowd, Mme Huet and Mlle Ott each snatched up a child and rushed on shore—only just in time. The children

were taken from them and hurried off to the house of a member of the congregation. It seemed as if the *Bon Messenger* must be crushed to matchwood. The square, sharp corner of the huge wash-house was on the very point of crashing into her bows; but providentially, at this critical moment, a large iron boat belonging to the wash-house interposed itself between the two and received the full force of the shock, which almost bent it double, and squeezed its sides so that only a few inches intervened between the two larger craft. But, the iron boat being half turned over, it was driven into the mud, and formed an anchor which helped to arrest the drifting mass.

The strain on the ropes of the floating church was tremendous. The five strong hawsers were stretched more than four feet, but they did not snap. It was a terrible moment. Had they given away, the *Bon Messenger* and the immense wash-house would have been carried away together, and probably smashed to fragments lower down the river.

This interesting "church" never stays more than a month in the same place, and although never leaving the Seine and its tributaries, the *Bon Messenger* will not be able to visit the same place more than once every eight or ten years. In a few towns, such as Epernay, Lagny, and Auxerre, special services have been established by the resident pastors for the people who have attended the mission-boat meetings; but in most cases, all that she can leave behind is a New Testament, a hymn-book, and—engraved in brain and heart—the Divine Word that giveth life.

The mission services on board the *Bon Messenger* are very simple. The French hymn-book of the McAll Mission is sold for twenty centimes (four cents), and the people learn the hymns very quickly and sing them with pleasure. After a good deal of singing comes the reading of a Scripture lesson; then follow one or two short addresses, and the service concludes with a hymn and a prayer. It stands to reason that the preaching is of the simplest kind. The Old Testament is as unknown to some of the hearers as the history of the dynasties of Egypt or China, and the knowledge they have of the New Testament is also slight.

The surroundings of the floating church itself supply most interesting illustrations, which can always be made good use of. The river, the bridges and fishermen, the birds, cornfields, fruit and flowers, the hills, and the blue skies—all these are the pictures of a book ever open before our eyes, and to which the attention of the eager country folk can be intelligently drawn.

Whenever possible M. Huet is not left alone, but gets the help of some other minister or layman, who often travels many hours in the train or on his bicycle to reach the boat. Mme Huet, who accompanies her husband, is a

pleasant, practical, earnest woman. She was for many years a teacher in the national schools, and knows well how to speak to the children. She has two amiable little daughters, who get plenty of variety in the way of tuition, seeing that they have to change school every time the boat goes to a new station. As the people reluctantly file out, leaflets are distributed and New Testaments sold to them. In nine cases out of ten it is the first time in their life they have seen a New Testament printed in their mother tongue.

Let us now recall one among the many missions that we could speak about.

The *Bon Messager* was at Compiègne not long ago; and I would like to quote the remarks of a Christian pastor who has toiled for years in his native country and who knows the work by most intimate acquaintance.

“When I heard that the *Bon Messager* was coming to Compiègne,” he says, “I wondered, not without anxiety, what kind of reception the boat would have there.

“My fears were groundless, however, and from the first time I visited the boat I was amazed at what I saw. The floating church was crammed with people, sitting and standing. As is always the case, it took a little time for all to find their places and settle down quietly. But hardly had I opened my lips to ask for silence, than the most perfect order prevailed, and the general decorum was not once interrupted.

“But the 150 odd seats of the boat were not nearly enough to hold all who wished to listen. So nearly every evening, after remaining on board more than an hour, and having to hurry off to catch my train I had to force my way through a crowd that was waiting to get into the second meeting which M. Huet conducted.

“Two other things struck me. Firstly, that, contrary to the general expectation, here were all classes represented, from the poor workman to the lady and gentleman elegantly dressed. The majority present were small tradesmen and comparatively well-to-do working men. The second remarkable fact was that so large a number became quickly regular attendants.”

On one occasion the church was moored by the lock at Soisy-sous-Etiolles, on the Seine, between Paris and Corbeil. It was here that a photograph of a meeting on board the boat was taken. The faces of the people have a somewhat bewildered look, but this is due to the sudden glare of the magnesium light. A very pleasant congregation they were, however, and right heartily did they sing our Gospel hymns. Nearly all were farmers or navvies from the adjoining quarries, with their wives and children. It was on Easter Monday that the photograph of Soisy was taken; I had gone on a pilgrimage to the

floating church with the young people of my own mission-hall from Paris. Some of these can be seen in the photo. They are mostly working girls from the factories and workshops of the great Parisian beehive. Many of them have taken off their hats so as not to spoil them. This is very characteristic of our Parisian girls.

When we first began the boat-missions, we thought we should have to spend a good deal of money and go to much trouble in advertising the meetings, but this has not been so. The floating church is her own advertisement.

The place where she is moored is always as near as possible to a bridge, although we do not always get as near as we did at Cézzy, on the Yonne, where the *Bon Messager* spent the month of July of this year. Very soon the people come in little clusters to look at this novel craft. Some have seen it at its former station, and bring their friends to visit it. The news spreads very quickly that there will be a "conference" at seven o'clock. A Frenchman is always fond of hearing a good speech, so at the appointed time there will be quite a little crowd waiting at the end of the gangway. There is the ploughman in his wooden shoes; the artisan with his blouse; the village mayor or doctor and the schoolmistress—all wanting to see the wonderful floating temple. The gentry, who think it a little *infra dig.* to come in the evening, will step in next day after *déjeuner* and have a chat with M. Huet and his wife. And even they will not be allowed to go home without a New Testament or some leaflets, and often a basket of grapes from the *château* will be sent in return, to add a relish to the humble fare of the missionary and his family.

At seven o'clock the mission service commences. Let us quote the report of one of our missionaries on a meeting that was held at Jouy-le-Moutier, on the Oise. Circumstances were most unfavorable. It was in December. At seven o'clock it was pitch dark, and the banks were slippery and dangerous.

"On Tuesday evening, before seven o'clock, a crowd had gathered near the boat, waiting for admission. At seven the people were allowed to come in; and at ten minutes past, every available seat being occupied and the doorway being blocked, we began the meeting. At the close thirteen francs' worth of Testaments and hymn-books were bought.

"Yesterday, at half-past six, in the darkness and the damp, the crowd was impatiently waiting at the entrance, and at seven the boat was literally invaded. The people poured in and took possession of every nook and corner, women and boys sat on the platform, several people sat on one another's knees, and the bridge, the deck, and the passage between the benches right up to the platform were full of men, women, and children, who had to remain standing for more than one hour. We had to begin at seven. At the close we sold

seventeen francs' worth of Testaments, hymn-books and Bibles. Four large Bibles were purchased. As I spoke I dared not move, in case I should knock those at my elbows and behind me. As the people went out, the doorkeeper counted 224, and how many listeners there were outside we could not tell; but all the round windows were left open, so that late comers might be able to hear.

"Some were heard to say that they must come at six o'clock to secure a seat. Others said: 'We shall bring our food with us, so as to be in good time.'

"The congregation was composed of hardy, healthy-looking country folks—broad-shouldered, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked men and women, noisy and blustering as they took their seats, but silent and eager whilst listening. I do not think I saw one man wearing a tie, or one woman wearing a bonnet or hat."

Some of the visitors to the floating church, however, are not quite as unceremonious. At a village on the Oise, south of Paris, our missionary was much astonished to see the beadle of the Roman Catholic church walk up to the boat and besprinkle it with holy water. Then he entered the hall and solemnly repeated the same exorcism within. Our people were wondering what this could mean, when at the hour of the evening service Monsieur le Curé himself crossed the gangway in cassock and broad-brimmed hat and sat down on the first bench. This he did every evening so long as the boat remained in his parish. His behavior was always friendly, and being asked why he always sat down on the first bench, he answered that he did not want his people to think that he was come to spy upon them.

But the mission work is not always as idyllic as that. "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light." We have also experienced this on board the *Bon Messager*. Our missionaries have actually been represented as spies in the pay of the English and German Governments, and also as ignoble Dreyfusards—a title which, however, we are not much ashamed of.

At Misy on the Yonne, some unknown persons hired a gang of four or five roughs, who came by train, and after a good dinner specially came to the boat to make trouble. At the very first meeting they brought balls filled with foul-smelling gas, which they broke, filling the church with most horrible odors. But the population of the place, brought to the boat in numbers by these attacks against us, sided with the missionaries, and ejected the roughs.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FRENCH REPORT.

BORDEAUX.

It is Pastor Roger Hollard of the Free Church in Bordeaux who has charge of the McAll work in this city—a work in which our Buffalo Auxiliary is particularly interested. Pastor Hollard writes in the French Annual Report :

The attendance, which is entirely of workingmen's families, includes two elements: 1. A permanent element of fifty to sixty persons, who come regularly to the meetings, and many of whom also attend the Sunday service in church. 2. A floating element composed of occasional hearers, who come only once or at long intervals. These two elements make it necessary that each message shall be one of instruction or edification as well as of appeal. I try to keep both characters in each address; at present I am treating in historic sequence the principal facts in the life of Jesus. I urge my hearers to study the Gospel for themselves, and I have sold nearly sixty-five New Testaments in our meetings. Many read the Gospels regularly in the order which I indicate to them. I make as many visits as my pastoral duties permit, but these are few, very few, too few, and I propose soon to organize a group of visitors in my church. It will be for the good of the church, whose members, like those of every church, need to give that they may receive; to love that they may live. In my opinion a work of evangelization without visiting is a superficial and disappointing work.

The few visits that I have been able to make have made me very happy. I have heard many testimonies which have filled me with joy; several have asked to be admitted to my church—at least two of these give evidence of a real and thorough conversion, and their requests will be granted. Several have asked permission to give public testimony of their faith, and one has done so in a way that profoundly impressed the audience.

Besides the weekly evangelizing meeting we have a Thursday school, a weekly work meeting for women conducted by a Bible woman, and a weekly temperance meeting. The latter is in fact an evangelistic work expressly designed for the reformation of drinkers. It is very encouraging; many striking testimonies have been given by former drunkards. These temperance meetings are sometimes the salvation of those who simply happen in. Not long ago I had occasion to help an unfortunate man who had been seven times in prison and whose past prevented his finding work. This man, I now saw, was truly repentant, but his frightful past and his old habits (for alcoholism had always been the cause of his falls) exposed him to the greatest dangers in a great city; but I can say that it was our temperance meetings that contributed

more than anything else to keep him firm in his temperance pledge ; thanks to the meetings he felt himself to be not alone, and the public testimony which he gave served to strengthen him in the struggle. Now he is beyond danger, having found work, and living with his mother who has forgiven his past.

POITIERS.

Pastor Chaigne reports from this city (in which our New Brunswick Auxiliary is particularly interested) that the work of the year began under particularly trying circumstances, and ends with special blessings. The Roman Catholic clergy have succeeded in drawing away nearly all the children, leaving an average of only fourteen at each Sunday or Thursday school ; but the Mothers' Meetings have been very well attended, and the ordinary evangelistic meetings have been deeply interesting. The Spirit of God is manifestly present. On the evening before the report was written the entire audience was deeply moved, and four persons gave testimony of conversion. A series of meetings exclusively for persons newly converted or desiring conversion have been held with an attendance of twenty. A new era is evidently begun. The cross of Christ is raised at Poitiers, and a widespread blessing is expected.

RHEIMS.

From this city comes the good news that the *McAll meetings* have largely fallen off, because nearly all the old attendants now attend *church* regularly. The older people are faithful to the popular meetings, however ; there are some who never remain away, and Pastor Forget says that on their wrinkled faces you may see an unfailing smile of peace and joy whenever the name of the Lord Jesus is uttered. The Thursday schools are a never-failing joy ; the children listen with a most touching attentiveness, and these schools promise to be a true nursery for the church.

ST. QUENTIN.

The work in this city, which has always been one of the most interesting of the provincial stations, suffered seriously during the year 1897-98 by the loss of the evangelist, M. Lockert, and by an effervescence of Socialism, which opposed all religion. After that came some opposition from the Roman Catholics ; or, more properly speaking perhaps, a more vigorous effort on the part of the priests to draw to their church the class to whom our work is especially addressed. We can indeed say with St. Paul that we rejoice that Christ is preached, even though it be of strife and envy ; nevertheless we are sorry to lose them to whose spiritual good we have reason to feel that our preaching is better adapted than that of the Church of Rome. However, the work in St. Quentin is by no means checked, though our audiences were for a time confined almost entirely to those who recognized their spiritual needs, and that

these were met in our hall, as they were not elsewhere. Pastor Monnier, who writes the report, making a round of visits with the new evangelist, M. Bollier, found reason to be greatly encouraged. The place of the merely curious and indifferent is being taken by earnest and serious minded people, and the meetings, which used to be turbulent, even to a degree which necessitated an appeal to the police, are now orderly and very hopeful. Since this report was received, Mrs. Tyng has visited St. Quentin and found even greater reason for encouragement.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

THE STORY OF LITTLE JOSEPH.

[From the *Paris Record*.]

It was in the spring of 1894 that little Joseph was first brought to the Mission school at our hall in Ménilmontant, one of the poorest parts of Paris, adjoining Belleville, where unbelief and indifference have a great hold of the working people. That division of Paris has the reputation of having the largest number of "civil burials," that is, of burials without any religious service whatsoever.

The Mission hall is close under the shadow of the beautiful parish church, which stands upon rising ground, its elegant steeple pointing sky-wards; and near by is the Rue Julien-Lacroix, where was situated the first hall that was opened by Dr. McAll, in January, 1872. The hall at Ménilmontant was opened not many months after, and thus the station is now the oldest in the Mission, though the present hall has not been in use only thirteen years.

Joseph was only four years old when some little friends introduced him to the school, but his bright intelligent little face soon attracted attention, and he quickly became a favorite with the teachers, and he delighted in attending the school. Once, when the boy who generally called for him forgot to do so, the poor child was greatly disappointed, and as his mother could not bring him herself, she had to tie him to the bed, as she knew he would slip away and try and get to the hall by himself. He cried bitterly, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, you know that I can't miss my school, because, when I am fourteen years old I shall begin to be taught by the pastor, and then I shall be a monitor, and then I shall be a pastor, like M. Appia! Do let me go!"

Later, when there was to be a magic lantern shown, and Joseph was afraid that he might not be allowed to come out so late, he decided to go without his supper, and instead of returning home after school, he was found waiting outside until the door should be opened for the evening meeting.

In the autumn of 1894, a special meeting was held one Sunday evening to which were invited the parents of the scholars. Joseph told his parent

that they were to come, but the father only shrugged his shoulders, and was very indifferent about the matter. The mother had already been at a few meetings held in the afternoon, but had never been in the evening. The child offered to bring them both himself, so as to encourage them, and was so persistent that at last, for the sake of peace, they consented to go. That evening will not be easily forgotten as the little fellow entered the hall with a triumphant smile on his face, leading his father by the hand, and bringing him and his mother to the front row of chairs, which after a few moments they managed to exchange for a less conspicuous place. Joseph was soon fast asleep, but God was pleased to speak that night to his mother's heart, leading her to see herself as a sinner needing forgiveness.

The following afternoon the district visitor was led, in answer to prayer, to call on the mother, and she found her in real distress of soul, and anxious for help. After conversation and prayer she was advised to speak with M. Appia, and it was the means of the Lord bringing her to Himself, and twelve months later she was received as a member of the church of Bon Secours. Her husband also came to a knowledge of the truth and though the work was not so decided nor so rapid in his case, he has this past year been also admitted to church fellowship. Thus the child had the joy of being the instrument of the conversion of both his parents.

Little Joseph was early a child of prayer. As his father was not seldom out of work, especially in the midst of summer or winter, the child often used to pray thus: "O Jesus of the Conference Hall, please give father some work, and make mother better, so that we may not be so unhappy." He had heard of various saints being specially attached to certain localities, and of the Virgin Mary being invoked in like manner, so he thought that the Jesus of whom he heard at the Mission Hall must be addressed as specially there. He also had learned that we must give thanks for answered prayer. One day a workman came to offer the father half a day's work, and the man was leaving the room, when Joseph said, "Father, you have not thanked the Lord Jesus. It is He who has given you this work." Seeing that the father did not respond to his appeal, he exclaimed, "Come quick, quick, father, you will not get any more work if you are not thankful!" So the father turned back and, kneeling down with his wife, they prayed together for the first time.

On another occasion, a neighbor came in and told his mother that a man whom they knew, and who had been visited by the workers at the hall, had died. The child at once remarked, "P—— has seen the Lord Jesus, and I too should like to die and see Jesus." This remark led his mother to ask for teaching with regard to purgatory, and she was astonished to find that no mention of such a place was to be found in the Scriptures. Thus the child's prayers or

remarks often gave an opportunity of enlightening the mother, who as a Bretonne had been brought up as a Catholic. She was very ignorant, and could not read till she was taught to do so by another of our attendants at the hall.

Joseph's love for his school has been spoken of, and yet, at one time, he was constantly getting into trouble, and was considered a difficult child to manage. One day his mother asked him how it was that he always gained his marks and his picture in the afternoon mission school, whilst he did not do so at the public school. The reply was remarkable, and not a little amusing, "Why, you see, mother, one must not let people tell falsehoods. Mlle X— tells me I am not good, I am restless and inattentive, and then I am. But Mlle Z— kisses me, and tells me I am very good, and I cannot let her tell untruths, and so I am very obedient."

This past year has been one of trial for the poor little fellow. His mother was ill, so he was sent to the public home for children for two months, and the burden of his heart was expressed in a little letter he wrote, in which he said how much he missed the school. On his return it was noticed how eagerly he listened, and he would repeat all he heard, almost word for word, to his mother on his return.

Last summer he fell ill. He had received a blow from a big boy, but did not speak of it, and it only came out when he raved of it in high fever. He had an attack of jaundice, and was very ill. When partly recovered he was sent home, and cried bitterly because his father would not carry him to school. As soon as he could walk he came, but he soon fell ill again, and is now at the excellent convalescent home at Neuilly-sur-Seine, where the good deaconesses are caring for him. We trust that he will soon be well again, and that in God's good mercy he will be spared to grow up and to be a faithful witness among his own people of the power of the Gospel.

F. G. B.

We are glad to repeat the announcement of the December number that Mrs. Mitchell Tyng, whose acquaintance many of our Auxiliaries have already made, has prepared several illustrated lectures about France, which she would be glad to deliver before clubs, missionary and other societies, or as public lectures. Those who have met Mrs. Tyng, or who have read her delightful articles in the RECORD, will feel assured of the interesting character of her lectures, and if any have influence to secure a place for one of them in public courses, or in those of Women's Clubs, they will help our Mission cause by awakening a more general interest in the present condition of France. Mrs. Tyng may be addressed on this subject at her residence, The Chelsea, West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

A NEW HALL: ROUBAIX.

[At the request of the ladies of the Cleveland Auxiliary the Editor visited Roubaix during her summer trip to France. The following is taken from her Report to the Auxiliary.]

Three days after landing in France I went to Roubaix, and I must begin by saying that, although I afterward visited a number of towns where the McAll Mission is doing admirable work, and a number where it is not working but would be glad to open halls if the funds were forthcoming, I saw no place which seemed to me to promise so large a reward as Roubaix, no field that seemed to me more important. This is partly because of the social, industrial and religious condition of Roubaix, and partly because the Protestant pastor, M. Gounelle, who is at the head of the work, is so admirably fitted for his task.

Roubaix is the largest *suburb* in the world. It is a suburb of the great manufacturing city of Lille, in the northeast of France, and with *its* suburbs (Croix and others), contains more than 300,000 inhabitants. The north of France was until recent years entirely under the dominion of the Roman Catholic Church; there were few or no Protestant Churches before 1830. The great Roman Catholic Seminary is at Lille, where English and American priests still go for their higher education. The Reformed Churches of Lille and Roubaix date from about 1865; the temple of Roubaix was built in 1872 and the parishes of these churches include each more than 30,000 souls (nominal Protestants).

The industry of Roubaix is wool-carding, and nine-tenths of all the wool manufactured in France passes through the mills of Roubaix. The artisans are extremely intelligent as a class: they do their own thinking, and, as their education is not equal to their native intelligence, their thinking is apt to lead them into revolt against the existing order, so that Roubaix is one of the strongholds of anarchism and infidelity, the theoretical revolt against State and Church.

It is a very interesting fact that nearly all the younger generation of Protestant ministers, especially in the manufacturing districts of France, whether north, south or east, are Christian Socialists, of the school of the English Socialists—Kingsley, F. D. Maurice and Thomas Hughes. This is especially the case with M. Gounelle, the pastor at Roubaix. He is a young man of very brilliant ability, a thinker and writer, and the editor-in-chief of the *Review of Christian Socialism*.

It is M. Gounelle's deep interest in the condition of the working classes, and his careful study of the causes of the prevailing tendency to anarchy and infidelity, that have convinced him of the importance of securing the aid of

the McAll Mission. Two years ago M. Gounelle was called to the Church of Roubaix (the only Protestant church in this town of 300,000 inhabitants), and he at once sought the co-operation of the McAll Mission. But retrenchment and not expansion was at that time the word in Paris; and, therefore, M. Gounelle set to work to create a situation which would, in a sense, compel the Mission to come to his aid, simply by reason of the evident importance of the field. And that the Paris Board has asked the Cleveland Auxiliary to take up the work in Roubaix is due to the wise, tactful and patient preparatory work that M. Gounelle has been carrying on for two years past. Let me briefly show you what this work is.

As pastoral visiting in so large a parish was manifestly impossible, he instituted the custom of cottage meetings. The artisans of Roubaix live in small two or four roomed cottages grouped to the number of ten or twelve in *courelles*, or long narrow courts in the centre of the large blocks. The inhabitants of a given *courelle* were invited to assemble in one of the cottages so that the pastor or one of his assistants could meet them. M. Gounelle was careful to make these meetings *desired*; to make it an honor for any cottager to open his house to the pastor and his neighbors. The pastors would *consent* to meet the people thus, if any one would open his house, provide chairs, etc. Now every one eagerly seeks the honor, and there are ten or twelve of these meetings held every month in various *courelles*, and might be twice as many if M. Gounelle had more assistants. The meetings are very familiar and informal: some of the church members help, and the cottages are always crowded—at least fifty persons are always present; often eighty, and sometimes, as M. Gounelle said, there are 120 people literally “heaped up” in the little rooms. As the two rooms of a cottage are always connected by folding doors a good many can be accommodated. But now the people having thus acquired a love for meetings of this kind it becomes absolutely necessary to have a general place of meeting—a *Salle Populaire*.

Another work of preparation, has been the temperance work—the Anti-Alcoholic League. M. Gounelle began by a series of lectures to his church people, and worked out from this nucleus. Now he has a membership of several hundred, and there are new accessions all the time. He has at last been able to found a Blue Cross (total abstinence) Society, and it has ninety-nine members, many of them his Sunday-school teachers.

M. Gounelle is convinced (as was Mr. McAll in the early days of the Mission), that it is necessary to *moralize* the French people before you can *evangelize* them. “The ground for the seed does not exist,” he says. He therefore has founded a League for Public and Private Morality among the young men, beginning with twenty. They meet *somewhere* (where they can)

every fortnight, and M. Gounelle lectures to them on moral questions. An English manufacturer has lent them a hall in Croix (a suburb), but the need of a more central and larger place of meeting was urgent. M. Gounelle has never given a lecture without receiving *some* new signatures, and this League of Morality now has 400 members. With a proper hall M. Gounelle would give a lecture on morals every Sunday night—another reason for wanting a McAll station.

Within a year past another interesting Club has been founded by M. Gounelle and M. Quiévreux, the assistant pastor of the Church of Lille. Its forty members are the most eminent men in these two cities—doctors, lawyers, writers, bankers, manufacturers, of any or of no religion. They call themselves The Friendly League for the Study of Social Questions, and they meet once in two months to study the deepest problems of social ethics. Some of the papers already presented are so valuable that they are to be printed. The object of the league is the social and moral elevation of the people. All these men are deeply interested in M. Gounelle's work among the people and nearly all will lend him valuable aid in one or another branch of his work in the new hall.

For a new hall—a McAll Mission hall—they are going to have; nay, they have it already. I climbed all over it, in its half-finished condition, when I was in Roubaix, and by the end of October it was to be finished and opened. This is the hall that the Cleveland ladies are going to help support, and a most noble and hopeful work it is. Let me tell you the story of how this hall came to be built and put at the disposal of M. Gounelle for his work. I should mention that no Catholic would *rent* them a hall for this purpose.

There is in Roubaix a wealthy contractor, not a Protestant nor a Roman Catholic, but well disposed toward religion, and now attending M. Gounelle's church. He began life poor but now is rich. He was much impressed with the rapid progress of the Anti-Alcoholic League, and became interested in M. Gounelle's work. For a long time M. Gounelle was trying to persuade him to build such a hall as was needed, promising to pay a rent of five per cent. on the cost up to 1,400 or 1,500 francs. After much reflection this gentleman consented. There was great difficulty, however, in securing a plot of ground. There are only *four or five* wealthy protestants in Roubaix; none of these owned suitable land, and no Catholic would sell them land for this purpose. Finally by concealing their purpose they managed to buy a plot of ground 33 feet by 69, and on that M. R— has put up a really beautiful building. The main hall, which goes from the ground to the glass roof, with a gallery all round, will seat 500 persons. There are smaller rooms for clubs, prayer meetings and reading, and quarters for the janitor. The building is beauti-

fully finished and decorated, and in every way adapted to its purpose. The name of the building is *La Solidarité*, a name most attractive to the thoughtful artisans of Roubaix, implying, as it does, the mutual dependence of all men on one another, and their common interest in all that makes for the good of humanity.

For the furnishing of this hall M. Gounelle himself collected about \$160; he has also collected some 200 books (good and indifferent) for the beginning of a library. A lady has promised a harmonium; M. Gounelle longs for a piano, and indeed it is necessary in such work; but as yet he has no money for one. Some of the men have violins; there is a choral society of thirty-nine members recently formed expressly in view of the new hall; it is evident that a piano is really needed, as they want to give little concerts before some of the meetings.

The following are the various works that will be carried on in *La Solidarité*, the McAll Mission hall at Roubaix:

1. The evangelistic work of the Mission. Agent: M. Arnoux (M. Gounelle's assistant).
2. The Anti-Alcoholic League (300 members).
3. The Blue Cross Society (total abstinence) (99 members).
4. The Choral Society called "The Fraternal."
5. A Mutual Benefit Society called "Hope."
6. Friendly Society for the Study of Social Questions; Lille and Roubaix. (This is the Society of gentlemen; it will have sixty members this winter. Meeting in this popular hall the "classes" and the "masses" will be brought together. M. Gounelle hopes to find workers among this brilliant class.)
7. League for private and public morality (White Cross) among the working young men. It has 400 members. They are to have a weekly lecture on morals, private and social.
8. A Work Room, directed by ladies.
9. A Reading Room: newspapers, books, Bibles.
10. A *Secretariat of the People*. (This is rather unique. A physician, a lawyer, a banker and others will have office hours here, one hour a week each, to give advice on their special subjects: health, investment of savings, inheritances, divorces, disputes, business letters, etc., etc.)
11. Picnics, Christmas tree, stereopticon lectures, popular teas.
12. Sunday and Thursday schools.

These different works range themselves under the heads: Evangelization, Morality, Education, Mutual Help, Normal Amusement:

To the foregoing, originally written to the Cleveland Auxiliary, may be added the fact that *La Solidarité* was inaugurated on November 6th, with a

crowded hall, and that several times since then, when popular lectures were given, the attendance has reached 600. This in a hall built to accommodate 500!

The evangelistic meetings were begun with 120 persons present; within a month the number had reached 150, and it goes on increasing. The Thursday school also opened with 120 children, of whom about a score were the children of Protestants. By December 5th (the latest intelligence) there were 250 members. "It is a true invasion of grasshoppers," writes M. Gou-nelle, "a veritable plague of Egypt for our dear M. Arnoux (his assistant), who will have enough to do to organize and discipline *all that*." Unfortunately the piano, so urgently needed in a school of this character, has not yet been provided.

FRENCH BOOKS FOR AMERICAN READERS.

In response to the request of a number of members of one of our large Auxiliaries, a well-known French lady has furnished the following list of French books which are entirely without objection from the point of view of morals, and of high literary worth. We share this list with all readers of the RECORD:

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A L' ECOLE DE LA VIE	Mme de Witt
UN HIVER À LA CAMPAGNE	Mme de Witt
ROSA	Mme de Pressensé
LA MAISON BLANCHE	Mme de Pressensé
BOISGENTIL	Mme de Pressensé
UN PETIT MONDE D' ENFANTS	Mme de Pressensé
LA BONNE GUERRE	Mme Bersier
MICHELINE	Mme Bersier
SIX MOIS SOUS LA NEIGE	
SANS FAMILLE (American Edition)	Published by Jenkins
HISTOIRE D' UNE BOUCHÉE DE PAIN	Macé
LA VIEILLE COUSINE	Souvestre

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

AMOUR OU PATRIE	Souvenirs d'Alsace
L' ABBÉ CONSTANTIN	Halévey
POUR UNE EPINGLE	St. Germain
FLEURANGE	Mme Craven
UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE	Feuillet
LE GENTILHOMME PAUVRE	Henri Conscience
AU COIN DU FEU	Souvestre
LES EXILÉS DE SIBÉRIE	Mme Cottin
LES NOUVELLES GENEVOISES	Topfer
LA GRAMMAIRE (a play)	Labiche

FOR ADULTS

LES GRANDS ECRIVAINS FRANÇAIS	Librairie Hachette et Cie
VAILLANCE	Wagner
LE DEVOIR PRÉSENT	Desjardins
LA FEMME STUDIEUSE (a delightful book)	Dupanloup
LA FEMME AUX ETATS-UNIS	Varigny
LA FEMME	Adolphe Monod
LES ADIEUX D'	Adolphe Monod
SOUVENIRS D' UN VIEILLARD	Souvestre
LE PHILOSOPHE SOUS LES TOITS	Souvestre
LES DERNIERS BRETONS	Souvestre
LA FILLE DE ROLAND	Henri Bornier
JAROUSSEAU OU LE PASTEUR DU DÉSERT	Eug. Pelletan
UN SERMONS SOUS LOUIS XIV.	
TROIS SERMONS SOUS LOUIS XV.	Bungener
(Most interesting pictures of the struggles of the Huguenots.)	
VOLTAIRE ET LES GENEVOIS	Gaberel
M. GUIZOT CHEZ LUI ET AVEC SES AMIS	Mme de Witt
PAROLES D' UN CROYANT	Lamennais
LA VERTU EN FRANCE	Maxime Du Camp
PARIS BIENFAISANT	Maxime Du Camp
LA CHARITÉ EN FRANCE	Mme de Witt
MME HENRI MALLET	Mme de Witt
MME ANDRÉ WALTHER	Alfred André
LA BONTÉ	Rozan
L' ALLEMAGNE	Mme de Staël

To this list we would add : *La Vie et l' Œuvre de Robert W. Mac All*, by Eugène Réveillaud, to be ordered through the Bureau, and *La France Idéale*, by Mme Edgar Quinet, of which the following extract appeared in M. Réveillaud's paper, *Le Signal* :

Democrats should give up their prejudices against Protestants. We forget too often that the Huguenots were the ancestors of the republicans, and that but for the failure of the conspiracy of Amboise, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the adjuration of Henry of Navarre, France might have been in the sixteenth century a republic " *a la mode des Souisses,*" as Montaigne expresses it (after the fashion of the Swiss).

When we recall the heroic history of the Huguenots of France, we feel proud in saying that no nation has produced so many great men and martyrs, so many champions for the freedom of thought. The most enlightened portions of the nation, the nobility and the bourgeoisie, sided for the Reformation, which was completing the "renaissance" of the human mind. How

many times Edgar Quinet heard this sarcastic question, "But you want France to turn Protestant?" Surely, in the sixteenth century, he might have wished it Protestant, as did Agrippa d'Aubigné, as did John his father, one of the confederates of Amboise, who so resembled the men of the great Revolution of '89. This would in that case have come two centuries sooner, and the active genius of France would have modified the Reformation. We can picture to ourselves all the difference there would have been in our national life and character if the nobility and educated classes had remained Huguenots for three centuries, with the principles of a Coligny, a D'Aubigné, a Duplessis-Mornay, a Marnix Sainte-Aldegonde, a La Noue Bras de fer, a Rohan!

We sometimes say that a man's life is a failure; but nations like France are immortal, and may change their destiny. Agrippa d'Aubigné was an ancestor of the Revolution. I should have liked to reproduce his "Tragiques," but the sifting of the poetry is difficult; and even an expurgated edition would be impossible. Amidst verses and thoughts worthy of Corneille there is a vein of coarseness peculiar to the reign of the Valois and the manners of their courts. But how brilliantly playful and spirited is the style of D'Aubigné! His "Mémoires" have also that uplifting, heroic keynote which characterized the austere Huguenots of the sixteenth century. When books have a mere literary merit, they may charm and help us to bear with life as it is; but when they speak of country, righteousness, and truth, they lift the soul. It is true that it is the author's soul which gives a book its intrinsic merit, and that the most heroic pages are but a dead letter to the indifferent or careless reader.

The number of Christian workers—teachers, evangelists and pastors—given by the McAll Mission to French Protestantism is already large, and is still increasing. In a certain sense M. Biau, Mr. Greig's new assistant in his church at Bercy, may be added to the list. Though, perhaps, not a convert of the Mission, M. Biau has been led into the ministry through his work for it. Though still a young man, he has for many years been in the work at Nice, first as layman and afterward as evangelist. It was the influence of this work upon his mind which finally decided him to seek for ordination, and he has now been called to aid Mr. Greig in his pastoral work. The Editor heard M. Biau speak in Mr. Greig's church in Bercy last autumn. He has an attractive personality and much eloquence, and is remarkably well fitted to win the attention and the hearts of the people. M. Biau will be greatly missed at Nice, where he has done a rather unique work, one phase of which is described on another page. His place at Nice has been taken by M. Dutoit, of Montbelliard.

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS.

No. 8.

“Dec. 20, 1877. I am glad to assure you that the crisis is over. MacMahon has really submitted to the will of the nation, since he could not find anyone willing to be made minister of finance. *Le Temps* gives a very droll account of the interview which led to his decision to submit. The new minister read a very humble message from the president, in which he promises all that one could ask. This message has been posted on all the walls in Paris and in the Provinces.”

The extracts which have been given have been from the letters intended for the large circle of home friends, but Miss Beach sent also many notes to her father not for general circulation, and sometimes wrote private letters, especially to those in affliction. As illustrative of her sympathy, some extracts are given from one written December 23, 1877:

“I must write at least a few lines to tell you how truly I sympathize with you. * * * It is a dark, rainy Sabbath, and, as I am so nearly sick with a cold that I dared not go out, you can imagine that your letter was specially welcome. As I never have the opportunity to speak to a Christian, the words of cheer from the home-land are like cold water to the thirsty pilgrim.

“How I long to do something to help you in these days of weariness and anxiety. I do not wonder that the thought of the heavenly rest is sweet to you. Body and soul must be exhausted. Many times every day I ask for you the strength which can alone bear you through these days of trial. * * *

“I can understand something of your weariness from those years at Woodstock when I was teaching, keeping house and caring for Lizzie. Sometimes in hours of extreme exhaustion I should have prayed for release, but for the dear child left to my care. If I can do nothing else for you, I can ask the dear Master to walk beside you and strengthen you. * * * I often wish I could become acquainted with even one Christian. It is a strange experience to pass months without speaking to a Christian, but I trust it is leading me nearer to the Saviour.

“Will you ask especially that I may be able to do something to honor the Master and lead some souls to Him? They are very kind to me here, but they know not my Saviour. There is nothing to suggest the Sabbath.”

[FROM THE CIRCULAR LETTERS.]

“Dec. 27. My greetings will reach you long after these festivals, but you may be sure that I have, in imagination, wished ‘Merry Christmas’ and ‘Happy New Year’ to each one.

“ My thoughts travelled homeward during Christmas. I dreaded the day, for it is the first time I have been separated from all my friends on this holiday. Very fortunately Mme C. decided to have a Christmas tree for her two nieces and little Edith S. A tree is not so common here as with us ; Madame had never prepared one. She asked me to take charge of it, and I gladly consented, for in thinking of others and planning for their pleasure we can forget our own loneliness. Monday afternoon I bought the presents for her, the candles and all the little ornaments for the tree. I was delighted to find I could make myself so well understood in the shops.

“ Christmas morning the servant bought the tree at the flower market near the Madeleine. It was quite small but very pretty. We put it in a handsome large china pot which we filled with earth, covering the top with moss. I arranged everything in the morning, and then we locked the door of the room, which opened out of the dining-room.

“ Before dinner I went out with Mrs. S. to see the grand Boulevard. It was a gay scene ; on the sidewalk next the street was a line of little barracks, extending from the Madeleine to the Bastille. In these little shops were displayed all sorts of merchandise, toys, fruit, paper, books, articles useful as well as ornamental. If the proprietors of these miniature stores saw one looking at their wares, they loudly exhorted him to come and buy, setting forth the merits of everything.

“ Opposite these little shops were the grand establishments displaying their richest treasures. It is the custom for the gentleman here to send to their lady friends boxes of confectionery on New Year’s Day. These boxes are quite artistic, making a fine display in the windows. The children would have been delighted with the toys. I must confess I like to stop and look at them and at the children, who are almost distracted and whose parents are in danger of becoming so in good earnest.

“ After dinner our tree was brought in and placed on the table. It was an entire surprise to the children, who receive most of their presents New Year’s Day. Edith was so delighted, she could not say a word. She did not speak till after the presents had been distributed, but regarded the tree with silent admiration. The others shouted to express their joy as they received each gift. On the top of the tree we had placed a little Santa Claus—‘ *petit bon homme de Noël*,’ they call him here. All the children wanted him, so we decided to keep him as the guardian of the tree.

“ Thus the day passed more pleasantly than I feared ; I could not be homesick, while I felt that I was making the children happy.

“ Dec. 30. Yesterday Mrs. S. invited me to go with her to see the

Christmas tree at the English Orphanage at Neuilly just outside the fortifications. This is under the care of Miss Leigh, an English lady who has in the city a home for young girls who come to Paris, hoping to find situations, but are unsuccessful. She is doing a noble work, and many are ready to help her. Galignani, the rich bookseller, gave the house and grounds at Neuilly, and every year gives a nice supper to the children.

“The first present from the tree was a beautiful bouquet for M. Galignani from the children; the second a lace bag of bonbons for Miss Leigh from an American lady. In the bag was a roll of gold coins to help the work.

“There was such a crowd we did not wait till the children went out to supper.

“This has seemed more like the Sabbath than the last two, as I have been able to go to church twice. This morning I went to the little chapel in the Rue Royal and heard a good sermon from the two passages: ‘All these things are against me,’ and ‘All things are yours.’

“This afternoon I went to my own church. Since I can understand well I have no desire to go to the American Chapel.

“Dec. 31. To-day the sun is shining brightly, for a wonder. To-morrow the children will dine here again, but we shall have no special celebration.

“The people are quite disposed to celebrate gaily as the clouds have been dispersed in the political horizon. It is necessary still to watch, as these Royalists and Bonapartists love conspiracy better than life, but just now they are helpless. It is proved beyond a doubt that a plot was formed, in the north, to march upon Paris, and the officers only awaited the final order, when they received the news of MacMahon's submission.

“In their council, one officer who refused to have anything to do with the *coup d'état* was promptly arrested by his superiors and has since been suspended from the service.

“Jan. 4, 1878. It is the custom here to ‘watch the old year out and the new year in’; even the little children rub their eyes open and wait till the clock strikes twelve. I went out early in the evening with Madame who had some purchases to make. It was a fine evening; the stars, for a wonder, were visible, and everything gave promise of a pleasant New Year's morning. We went first to the grand Boulevard which presented a gay scene. The sidewalks were so crowded that it was difficult to move, but everybody was in such a jolly mood, that the crowding was only sport.

“At home we waited till the clock struck twelve, then wished one another ‘*une bonne année,*’ ‘*une bonne santé*’ and all the other good and pleasant things.

“Then we exchanged gifts. Of course I expected nothing, but received, to my surprise, a very pretty muff.

“The next day we settled down to regular work again. At my teacher’s request, I have commenced the translation of one of Shakespeare’s plays. It may be a presumptuous undertaking, but it will be very profitable work, there is such variety in Shakespeare. After reading and correcting my translation I compare it with that of Victor Hugo. I shall not send mine to him as I don’t wish to discourage dawning genius!

“Jan. 6. It has been a dark unpleasant day, but I have been to church twice. I cannot miss the precious communion service if I am able to go out. It is the most delightful hour of all the month, when I forget I am not at home. I like the custom here of standing around the table, and the few moments of silent prayer.”

Readers of the RECORD in former years will remember a delightful description by Miss Johnstone of her visit to a remote little village and a series of meetings that she held in the cottage of a woman who had lived for a while in Paris and was converted in one of our halls.

Returning to her village home this woman’s thirst for the Gospel was so great that Miss Johnstone has ever since gone to her village twice a year, and held a few services, the woman gathering her friends and neighbors to share with her the bread of life. A few months ago Miss Johnstone wrote, on returning from her semi-annual visit:

“Up to this time it has been very pleasant and easy work. There was an old priest, to infirm to do anything himself, and he made no objection to my meetings; but he is quite superannuated now, and his successor is a different sort of personage, ferocious on the heresy question. He preaches against me and *l’hérésie*, and, what is worse, he refuses to admit to the first communion any child who comes to my meetings. Poor little souls, they used to love to come and sing, but now neither they nor their parents are allowed. Still, though, I had a smaller number, I had three nice meetings. Last night the presence of the Holy Spirit was very marked. Of course I never say a word against Catholicism; I simply try to draw souls to Christ.”

The Sunday-school Committee of the Board reports that there is a large deficit in the fund appropriated to the purchase of Lesson Helps for our schools in France. We earnestly urge the importance of this fund. Will not our readers make new efforts to secure twenty-five dollar appropriations from American schools for the schools of the McAll Mission? and see that schools which have already given do not relax in well-doing.

THE BON MESSENGER.

Our last account of the Boat left it at Étigny, where the Editor visited it during the first week of its sojourn there. It is with a peculiar pleasure that she now narrates the successful work that followed those opening days. Especially were the children attracted, and Pastor Fourneau, who came six times in the week to preach, writes that from the moment he reached the station he found himself surrounded with children, who hardly left him till after the close of the meeting. "It was sometimes ravishingly picturesque to see a band of fifteen or twenty of them squatted on their heels or sitting on the floor around the platform, never disturbing the service. On the evening of Sunday, September 18th, we had more than 400 persons present, and it was necessary to hold two meetings to satisfy those who could not get in for the first." M. Fourneau adds that he spoke at Étigny twenty times to 2350 hearers, an average of 117½.

From Étigny the *Bon Messenger* went to Sens, the cathedral city only a few miles lower down the Yonne, the grand cathedral of which one could see from the Boat as it lay moored at Étigny, standing high upon the horizon, though the city was out of sight.

At first the attendance was good, but "unfortunately," says our informant, "the weather was not propitious and the meetings dwindled, notwithstanding the presence of the pastor of Sens, M. Fourneau, whose alert and spiritual words are most acceptable to the people of this region. In fact, as a general thing, the Boat has had more success in the villages than in the cities, and especially in Episcopal cities like Sens, where people run the risk of losing customers, or work, if they are seen at evangelistic meetings."

A private letter speaks of the deep disappointment of Pastor Fourneau at the meagre results from the visit of the Boat at Sens. This excellent man, so gifted in speaking to the class of people who flock to the Boat, had built high hopes on its visit to his own city. He particularly hoped that it would awaken the people of his own church to the blessedness of working for God in the lines of evangelistic effort. But we feel sure that his hopes will not be altogether blighted.

Indeed, he himself does not feel that they are. For a year past, as he writes in the *Bon Messenger* (newspaper), there has been much seed sown along the banks of the Yonne between the two Protestant churches of Auxerre, where M. Villéger is pastor, and Pastor Fourneau's city, Sens. Both these pastors have worked faithfully and with enthusiasm to aid in this seed sowing, and now, as M. Fourneau writes, if they are weary *from* their work they are not weary *of* it; both would wish to continue it; they simply ask for the means.

“In each place which we have evangelized from the Boat people have said: ‘Do not abandon us; come back often and give us these meetings.’ I have promised to go to Cézzy in the winter, also to Marsangy; the Étigny people would keep the Boat always; at Pont-sur-Yonne its place is ready made.” These devoted pastors long to add to their arduous labors by opening halls in these places, and also at Sens. It is only the money for rent that is lacking.

SOME PARIS INTERIORS.

Near our Grenelle station the Mission has, of course, a large following. Let us look in for a moment on Mme H., who lives not far from the hall. Death has been busy in this old woman’s family, having carried off

EIGHTEEN OF HER CHILDREN,

—such large families seem less rare in France than one might expect—but one of those left, a telegraph messenger, lives with and is, we believe, good to her. Her own troubles have not shut off the old woman from interest in others’ pain, and when she realizes that it is our dispensary day she urges a friend to go and take advantage of it. We express a doubt of the friend’s finding our door still open, but that lady quickly makes her toilet with an apron borrowed from Mme H., and sets out to have a try in any case. Here is a woman whose name we also have in this district. She has a largish family of children, and—such invitations being a special object of our visiting work—we invite her cordially to bring some of them to our Sunday or Thursday school. While we are visiting another friend in a street near by, a charming little child of five comes in, escorted by his grandfather, from his first attendance at a day school. He claps his hands with delight, and “*Ecoutez*,” he whispers, as he squeezes close up to us and softly bashes in our new hat, “*j’ai gagné deux bons points*.” We hope that he has by this time found his way to one of our neighboring halls of Javel and Grenelle, and that *bons points* (good marks) have there

MULTIPLIED AND BORNE FRUIT

in a prize Testament which will be a treasure for the family.

For the ministry of children may produce results beyond our expectations. A child has perhaps been brought by his playfellows to a Sunday or Thursday school. He chatters to his half-listening parents about what he has seen and heard, and in time they too may get to take an interest in and, later, go and visit for themselves this free and open hall of the “Conférence.” Or, if a popular member of his little circle, he may be able to get many a young recruit for our children’s meeting. One child of our acquaintance possessed parents whom, if we mistake not, a series of judicious flittings provided with free lodg-

ings for many a long month; and the little thing seems to have availed herself of this embarrassing feature of her family life by becoming quite

A NOMADIC MISSIONARY

on behalf of our children's work at Alfortville.

One or two people show us letters received. Here is one from a young conscript who finds things dull, having no amusement but "*d'aller boire un verre quand on a de l'argent*" (take a drink when one has money to pay for it). Another expresses birthday wishes from a child, who has asked for blessings on his mother, "*dans sa plus belle prière*" (in his best prayer.) Certain prayers seem to be treated rather as talismans than otherwise. A former hospital nurse tells us, we understand, of one, the use of which worked wonders on her patients. This woman has a long talk with us in her little shop, and we take the opportunity, among other things, of protesting against the retailing of absinthe; but, if she stops the sale others will keep it on, and custom will leave her, and, in fact, there is material, were there only time, for quite a lengthy discussion.

Beyond the city walls, and about a mile or so from our hall of the Rue Nationale, begins the partly manufacturing district of Ivry, which extends for a considerable length along the Seine, and sends many patients to our nearest dispensary. In visiting here we are able to invite parents and children to

SOME OF OUR HALLS OUTSIDE PARIS.

For although Ivry itself is unprovided in this respect, the adjacent communes of Alfortville and Kremlin-Bicêtre have each been furnished by our Mission with a small hall. And it is encouraging to go still farther afield, and find in distant Vitry a little knot of people familiar with one of our weekly gatherings for the cure of the body and the soul.

Indeed, this constant attendance of people from outside Paris is one of the most interesting features of two out of our three dispensaries. That of the Rue Championnet, in the northwest quarter, is known to people from Clichy, St. Ouen and the Plaine St. Denis, although, of course, most of our visiting in this part also falls within the city limits. But what wonder if news of our doctor's success attracts sufferers from far?

"JE CROIS QUE VOUS FAITES BEAUCOUP LA NEUVAINÉ,"

(I think you must observe many seasons of prayer), or a similar remark, we sometimes hear, and indeed, our visits give good opportunity of emphasizing the belief that our doctor's skill, rare though it be, is not the sole cause of his striking success, but must take its due place beside the prayers offered in connection with

it. Here lives a family near the Rue Championnet hall. The man is out when we call, but his wife tells us of his delight on obtaining from our doctor there a relief which he had in vain sought elsewhere. Here is a man near by, whom we met some time ago in connection with our evening work. He and his wife had been in legal difficulties, and were glad to hear of the skill freely placed at their disposal by our friend, Mr. Bonzon, the advocate.

G. M. SAVILE.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM
AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES.

FROM NOVEMBER 15, 1899, TO JANUARY 15, 1899.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$177.75.		PENNSYLVANIA, \$673.50.	
Andover Auxilliary	\$18 25	Chester and Vicinity Auxilliary	\$66 00
Lowell—S. Robitschek	2 00	Harrisburg—Legacy of Mrs. Emma Ham- mersly	200 00
Medfield—Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Pierce	5 00	Philadelphia Auxilliary	382 50
Pittsfield Auxilliary	22 50	Wilkes-Barre "	25 00
CONNECTICUT, \$326 98.		DELAWARE, \$23.00.	
Farmington—First Congregational S. S.	\$42 20	Wilmington Auxilliary	\$23 00
Hartford Auxilliary	49 00	MARYLAND, \$193.50.	
Meriden "	184 00	Baltimore Auxilliary	\$193 50
New Haven "	15 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$15.00.	
Norfolk Congregational Church	21 78	Washington Auxilliary	\$15 00
Norwich Auxilliary	15 00	OHIO, \$263.00.	
NEW YORK, \$523.09		Cincinnati Auxilliary	\$263 00
Buffalo Auxilliary	\$26 25	KENTUCKY, \$80.00.	
Ithaca—Union Missionary Society	5 00	Louisville Auxilliary	\$80 00
New York Auxilliary	191 84	ILLINOIS, \$3.00.	
NEW JERSEY, \$375.46.		Chicago Auxilliary	\$3 00
Belvidere Auxilliary	\$15 00	MISSOURI, \$15 66.	
Bloomfield—First Presbyterian Church	44 46	St. Louis Auxilliary	\$15 66
Elizabeth Auxilliary	74 75		
Morristown "	131 25		
Plainfield "	110 00		

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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